MRS. CROUCH'S

FAVORITE POCKET COMPANION:

BEING

A SELECT ASSEMBLAGE

OF THE

MOST ELEGANT AND WITTIEST

S O N G S.

NOW IN VOGUE,

AT

DRURY-LANE.	VAUXHALL.
COVENT GARDEN.	ANACREONTIC Society.
HAYMARKET.	BEEFSTAKE Club, &c.

TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED,

A NEW AND ELEGANT COLLECTION

OF

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

L O N D O N:

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Anne Stancroft

Levenshulme

1826

MRS. CROUCH's

FAVOURITE POCKET COMPANION.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

Sung by Mr. EDWIN *in the*

BATTLE *of* HEXHAM.

IN an old quiet pariſh, on a brown, healthy old moor,
Stands my maſter's old gate, whoſe old threſhold is wore
With many an old friend, who for liquor would roar,
And I uncork'd the old ſherry—that I taſted before;
But it was in moderation, &c.

There I had an old quiet pantry, of the ſervants was the head,
And kept the key of the old cellar, and old plate, and chipp'd the brown bread:
If an odd old barrel was miſſing, it was eaſily ſaid,
That the very old beer was one morning found dead:
But this was in moderation, &c.

But we had a good old cuſtom when the week did begin,
To ſhew by my accounts, I had not waſted a pin:
For my Lord, though he was bountiful, thought waſte was a ſin,
And never wou'd lay out much, but when my lady lay-in:

But ſtill it was in moderation, &c.

Good lack! good lack! how once Dame Fortune did frown!
I left my old quiet pantry, to trudge from town to town;
Worn quite off my legs in ſearch of thumps, bobs, and cracks on the crown;
I was fairly knock'd up, and very near foully knock'd down.
Alteration! Oh! it was a wonderful alteration!

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, *in the*

BATTLE *of* HEXHAM.

WHEN we ſtout free-booters prowl,
Striking terror and diſmay
In the poor benighted ſoul,
Wand'ring from his weary way;

'Tis

'Tis when night her mantle throws
O'er the foremoſt dark and deep,
When the haraſs'd mind its woes
Lulls in ſoft and balmy ſleep.
If our plunder prove but good,
To our cavern under ground,
We ſteal in ſilence thro the wood,
And in wine, remorſe is drown'd.
Thus we ſtout free-booters, &c.

Poiſe the ſword and ſtretch the bow,
We are ſpirits tall, and true;
We a life of hardſhip know—
Gentle peace, we're not for you,
Stand's the word——we ne'er have fled——
Never ſhall while we have breath;
Cleave the coward comrade's head
Who trembles at the name of death;
Why ſhould mortals fear to fall?
Why from riſque and danger fly,
When we know the end of all,
In peace, or peril, is to die?
Then let ſtout free-booters, &c.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE—(*Tweed ſide.*)

WHEN Phœbus firſt peeps in the Eaſt,
I riſe and trip o'er the plain,
To the cottage of Peggy I haſte
To her beauty I tune my fond ſtrain;
For bright are her cheeks as the morn,
She always is cheerful and gay;
She never beholds me with ſcorn,
But happy makes all the long-day

Then over the valley or mead,
Together we pleaſantly rove,
To new paſture our lambkins we lead,
And ſing the ſweet paſſion of love;
At noon then we ſeek the cool ſhade,
My pipe it reſounds o'er the plain,
All nature around is diſplay'd
There ne'er was a happier ſwain.

I envy not thoſe who are great,
I covet not title or wealth;
I find all my joys are compleat,
By having contentment and health;
With Peggy, to paſs thro' the day,
Is all the delight of my life,
At diſtance old Care keeps away
With envy and ill-natur'd ſtrife.

The KIND are YOUNG and FAIR.

A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, *at Vauxhall.*

TO beauty born a willing ſlave,
A merry happy man,
I ſlight the Nymph I cannot have,
And doat on thoſe I can,
And doat on thoſe I can,
And doat on thoſe I can,
I ſlight the Nymph I cannot have,
And doat on thoſe I can,
This conſtant maxim ſtill I hold,
To baffle all deſpair,
The froward ugly are and old,

The

The kind are young and fair,
The froward ugly are and old, the kind are young and fair.
The kind are young and fair.

The women would no more perplex,
Were men reſolv'd and free;
Soft ſmiles become the charming ſex,
No pouting Miſs for me,
This conſtant maxim, &c.

In wedlock's bands, if e'er I join,
Good humour be my guide,
Let dimpled ſmiles and love be mine,
I laugh at female pride.
This conſtant maxim, &c.

I'll THINK of WILLY far AWAY.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Miſs LEARY, *at Vauxhall,*

The Words by Mr. HAWKINS.

MY love, the pride of hill and plain,
Has now ſet ſail and gone to ſea;
Has now ſet ſail and gone to ſea.
Yet well I know, my gentle ſwain
Will ne'er in-conſtant prove to me,

Where

Where e'er I rove, where e'er I ſtray, I'll think of
Willy far a way.
I'll think of Willy,
Think of Willy,
Think of Willy far a way.

At Morn and eve I ll ſound his praiſe
And loudly of his beauties ſing;
For Oh! engaging are his ways,
And ſweet his preſence as the ſpring.
Where e'er I rove, where e'er I ſtray,
I'll think of Willy far a way.

Shou'd he return to bleſs my ſight,
I'll hail the lad with hearty glee;
And all his tender love requite,
With truth, with love, and conſtancy.
In hopes of this. where e'er I ſtray,
I think of Willy far a way.

QUOZ.

A FAVOURITE NEW SONG,

Written and Sung by Mr. EDWIN,

At the Theatre-Royal Haymarket.

HEY for buckiſh words, for phraſes we've a paſſion
Immenſely great, and little once, were all the faſhion;
Hum'd and then humbug'd, Twaddle tippy poz;
All have had their day—but now muſt yeild to Quoz.

Walk

Walk abo t the town, each time you turn your
head, Sir,
Pop ſtaring in your phiz, is Q, U, O, and Z, Sir,
Cried, madam Dip to deary, its monſtrous ſcandaloz,
To write on people's ſhutters that ſhameful, naſty,
Quoz.

Once it was the Barber, for ev'ry thing that's right:
The Shaver knock'd the Barber quickly out of ſight
Now we've got a new word, how invented 'twas,
If you aſk, I'll tell ——, my anſwer, Sir, is Quoz.

The hobby-horſe of late, we rode about with ſpeed,
For drinking, wenching, gaming, 'twas the word,
indeed;
Then Macaroni, Bore, and Rage, never ſure the
like was,
Yet all that ſort of thing gave way to little cun-
ning Quoz.

Tipſy, dizzy, muzzy, ſucky, groggy, muddled,
Boſky, blind as Chloe; mops and brooms, and
fuddled,
Florid, torrid: horrid; ſtayboz, hayboz, layboz—
Words with terminations not ſo good as Quoz-

But when Quozzy came, Tippy, Bore, and
Twaddle,
Bucks of bluſt'ring fame, could not keep their
ſaddle:
One attempts to rally—bully Quiz it was;
But by night Sally, dubs him little Quoz!

There's

There's a jack to roaſt your meat, a jack to ho
your liquor;
Jack upon the green to amuſe the vicar:
Jacks of various ſorts—Jack's a Quiz; becauſe
Jack gives way to Jill, and ſo does Quiz to Quo

Some may think it French, ſome may call it Lati
Some give in this meaning, others will give that i
Mean it what it will, or ſenſe or *non compos*,
The meaning, I ſhould think—the meaning mu
be—QUOZ,

Suppoſe we ſay it's drinking—ſuppoſe it means
dinner—
Suppoſe a Methodiſt—ſuppoſe a wicked ſinner—
To finiſh my ſuppoſe—ſuppoſe I make a pauſe—
I've hit it now—'tis Thank ye—and ſo, good peo-
ple, QUOZ!

The CALL *of* HONOUR.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, *in the Character of a* RECRUIT-
ING SERJEANT, *at the Royal Circus.*

The *Muſic by Mr.* COSTELLOW. *Written by Mr.* UPTON

COME, my boys, 'tis the King that calls you to
ſerve him;
'Tis Britain's great Monarch—ye powers ſerve him!
what ſay you my lads, ſhall it be the ſtory,
That Britons refus'd to ſeek honour and glory?
Away the baſe thought—it is glory that fires us,
And honour and conqueſt, that deign to inſpire us!

CHORUS.

May the King live for ever, our Sov'reign and Maſter,
And Heav'n protect him from ev'ry diſaſter!—

Let

Briton with Briton hold firm and united,
d the rights of Old England ſhall never be ſlighted
ot a foe but ſhall tremble to bid us defiance,
the ſubjects of GEORGE are but true in alliance;
hen come, my brave lads, it is glory invites you,
EORGE the Third that commands, and his cauſe
muſt delight you.

May the King live for ever, our Sov'reign and Maſter,
And Heav'n protect him from ev'ry diſaſter!

GLEE.

By J. W. CALCOTT, *M. B.*

WHEN ARTHUR firſt in court began
To wear long hanging ſleeves,
He entertain'd three ſerving men,
And all of them were thieves.

The firſt he was an Iriſhman,
The next he was a Scot,
The third he was a Welchman,
And all were knaves I wot.

The Iriſhman lov'd Uſquebaugh,
The Scot lov'd ale, call'd blue-cap;
The Welchman he lov'd toaſted cheeſe,
And made his mouth like a mouſe-trap,

Uſquebaugh burnt the Iriſhman,
The Scot was drown'd in ale;
The Welchman had like to have been choak'd
with a mouſe,
But he pull'd her out by the tail.

The

The DISCONSOLATE SAILOR's Return.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, *at Vauxhall. Written by*
Mr. GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY,

ONCE more I'm return'd to my own native
shore,
Which I left when dejected ſo heartleſs and poor,
Each face look'd indignant and ſhy,
I fought for relief on the perilous main,
And fortune ſhe cheer'd my poor heart once
again,
When I brav'd the caprice of the ſky,
When I brav'd the caprice of the ſky.

Tho' death ſeem'd impatiently waiting around,
With ſharp pointed lightning and thunder pro-
found,
Or roar'd in the turbulent wind;
When a calm has return'd, I've ſaid to each
mate,
Tho' Heaven has frown'd, there's nothing I hate
So much as the frowns of mankind.

I had not forgot how my heart was oppreſs'd,
And ſcorn'd e'en by thoſe, whom I'd often careſs'd,
And parted my penny ſo free;
But if ever dame Fortune ſhould leave me again,
No more ſhall ingratitude give me a pain,
I'll ſeek for reſource on the ſea.

POOR JACK!

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

GO patter to lubbers and ſwabs, d'ye ſee,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water-boat and good ſea-room give me,
And it an't to a little I'll ſtrike;
Tho' the tempeſt, top-gallant-maſt ſmack-ſmooth ſhould ſmile,
And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood—
Clear the wreck, ſtow the yards, and bouſe every thing tight,
And under reef'd-foreſail we'll ſcud—
Avaſt! nor don't think me a Milk-ſop ſo ſoft,
To be taken for trifles a-back,
For they ſays, there's a PROVIDENCE *ſits up a-loft—*
To keep watch for the life of POOR JACK!

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About ſouls—Heaven—Mercy—and ſuch,
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay—
Why, 'twas juſt all as one as High Dutch.
But he ſaid, how a ſparrow can't founder, d'ye ſee,
Without orders that comes down below;
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me
That PROVIDENCE takes us in tow—
For ſays he, d'ye mind me, let ſtorms e'er ſo oft
Take the top-lifts of ſailors a-back.
There's a ſweet little Cherub ſits perch'd up a-loft
To keep watch for the life of POOR JACK!

I ſaid to our POLL—(for you ſee ſhe would cry)
When laſt we weigh'd anchor for ſea,
"What argues it ſniv'ling and piping your eye?
"Why what a damn'd fool you muſt be!
"Can't you ſee the world's wide, and there's room
for us all,
"Both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore;
"And if to old DAVY I ſhould go, my dear POLL,
"Why, you never will hear of me more!
"What then!—all's a hazard—come, don't be ſo
ſoft—
"Perhaps I may laughing come back;
"*For d'ye ſee, there's a Cherub ſits ſmiling a-loft*
"*To keep watch for the life of* POOR JACK!"

D'ye mind me, a ſailor ſhou'd be, ev'ry inch,
All one as a piece of a ſhip,
And with her brave the world, without off'ring
to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As to me, in all weathers, all times, ſides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that ſprings—
My HEART is my POLL's—and my RHINO my
FRIEND's,
And as for my LIFE—'tis my KING's!
E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me ſo ſoft
As with grief to be taken a-back—
That ſame little Cherub that ſits up a-loft
Will look out a good birth for—POOR JACK!

A FA-

Now, ſad reverſe! I glide no playful rill,
But thro' bleak waſtes plod on my tireſome way;
My dreary banks nor ſheep nor oxen fill,
Nor oſiers wanton on the ſummer's day.

Pernicious avarice! worſt fiend of hell,
Has ſtripp'd my beauties and my meads inclos'd;
My cruel fate my once kind ſhepherds tell,
And with ſad tears the mournful ſtory's clos'd.

SONG *and* CHORUS *of Villagers,*

In the BATLLE *of* HEXHAM.

Firſt Villager---Miſs GEORGE.

DRIFTED ſnow no more is ſeen,
Bluſt'ring winter paſſes by;
Merry ſpring comes, clad in green,
While woodlarks pour their melody;
I hear him!---hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

Second Villager.--Mrs. ILIFF.

When the golden ſun appears
On the mountain's ſurly brow,
When his jolly beams he rears,
Darting joy; behold them now.
Then, then,---oh, hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

Third

Third Villager---Mrs. BANNISTER,

When the village-boy to field
Tramps it with the buxom laſs,
Fain ſhe wou'd not ſeem to yield,
Yet gets her tumbled on the graſs;
Then, then, Oh, hark!
The merry lark,
While they tumble in the hay,
Pipes alone his roundelay.

Fourth Villager---Mr. CHAPMAN.

What are honours! what's a court!
Calm content is worth them all;
Our honour lies in cudgel ſport,
Our brighteſt court a greenſword ball.
But then---Oh, hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

CHORUS *of Villagers---by* DR. ARNOLD,

In the BATTLE *of* HEXHAM.

SEA-GIRT England---fertile land,
Plenty from her richeſt ſtores,
Ever with benignant hand
Her treaſure on your boſom pours,
England to yourſelf be true;
When your realm is truly bleſt,
'Tis when a Monarch's love for you
Is by your loyalty confeſt.

BRIT.

BRITISH LOYALTY.

Or, a Squeeze for ST. *PAUL's*

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, *Esq. Jun.*

And first delivered by YOUNG BANNISTER, *at his Benefit.*

CAN any tell—(ſince Adam's time I mean)
How many different *Squeezes* there have been;
Faith no ſmall number!—nay *this very night*,
Thanks to my friends, I've ſqueez'd you pretty tight;
Above, below, in front, and round the border,
All cloſe—all quiet too—and yet no *order*.
Time was, our ſickly taſte too far refining,
Old Engliſh crowds and ſqueezes were declining:
"Curſe mobs! (exclaims my lord) no, prithee no,
Don't go to vulgar rights—Cries madam, go!
I wou'd as ſoon be ſeen at Lord Mayor's ſhow."

But now, thank heaven! one glorious great occaſion,
One happy cauſe of loyal emulation,
Has levell'd taſte, and crowded all the nation.
'Twas Nature drew the ſcene, chaſte, ſtrong and glowing,
London, her Theatre, was overflowing;
The ſtreets one Pit of joyous ſhining faces,
The Belle and Beau took low front window-places;
The fair in deſhabille, and booted 'Squire,
Grinn'd, as you ſee'em now, a ſtory higher; [2d *Gal.*]
While the hoarſe deep-mouth'd cannon thund'ring loud,
Juſt like my honeſt friends, there ſtunn'd the crowd.

[*Upper Gal.*

Such ſqeezing, joſtling—here ſome ſtand---ſome ſi
All anxious—for---'twas England's benefit.
O may that day on record ſtand, and age
In future times, delighted, turn the page!
The April-morn, chaſing the dreary hours
Of gloomy Winter ſmil'd, yet ſmil'd in ſhow'rs.
Thus did the heart in ev'ry eye appear,
While rapture beam'd, Affection dropt a tear;
Yet ſome, whoſe manners no leſs love confeſs'd,
In rough unpoliſh'd tones their joy expreſs'd.

"Och blood an Oons (cries Pat) and ſcratch'd his head,
My heart's as light as any feather-bed;
This day that rains as hard as it can pour,
Is n't an exceeding fine one to be ſure—
Long life—O batheration joy---Huzza!
Don't you be after ſtopping up the way;
I'll ſhut your day-lights up, if you're ſo nimble,
And then, my jew'l, you'll look at this, and trimble,
[*his fiſt.*
Good luck to him!—there he goes!—by my Shalvation
I love him---mind my toes---and ſo does all our nation.
The Iriſhman that don't—get on the bench, man—
His father, fait, and mother, was a Frenchman."

"Got pleſs the Royal Family—O, ſplutter
Hur will ſee noble ſights here from the gutter;
But look you now, ſuch mops and crouts as theſe
Will toaſt hur potty like a *piece of Ceize.*
Hur's travell'd up on purpoſe from Llantelly—
Got's

Got's ſplutter and nails your elpow's in my pelly,--
Hur's heard of Harry Monmouth, never ſince
Hur country knew ſo creat a King and Prince."

"Who iſh't has got his knockles in my throat---
Let go my collar! Peopliſh? pray take note,
I'll proſecute—the villanſh'as tore my coat:
I'm a loyal Iſraelite--- to ſee
This ſight, I riſks my life, *but not my property!*"

"Hoot! hoot man, dinna mak a din and riot,
Tack your auld cloak about ye, and ſtand quiet:
Deel damn your louſy plaid, friend learn fra me,
A Scotſman---what is Ge-ne-ro-ſi-ty.
For ſince ſae happy tidings ha gane forth,
Gude faith 'thas warm'd aw boſoms thro' th' North."

"Warm'd *you*, (exclaims a fine old ſoul) warm'd *you*
Why it has warm'd me, friend---I am ninety-two;
Pray now make room---I'm old and weak---but I
Would needs crawl out, to ſee my king come by,
And then---I'll totter home content, and die!"

"Cheerley, old boy, cries Heart of Oak--that's right,
Keep it up merry, heart! --we'll all drink, fight,
Puſh, joſtle, ſqueeze our ſouls out—any thing—
In honour of our *good and gracious King*.
Roar away, meſſmates, ſtrike up now or never,
Long live the King, may the King live for ever!"

A FAVOURITE SONG.

(TUNE—*On the Banks of Benna.*)

WHY, my dear, that penſive brow,
Tell me, gentle Jenny;
All thy ſorrows let me know,
While I was to win you.

Has thy favourite lambkin ſtray'd?
I will ſearch to find him;
Be content, my lovely maid;
Kiſs, and never mind him.

Yonder by the purling ſtream,
There I ſee him playing;
Liſten to my tender theme,
While in ſight he's ſtraying.

Youth's the only time for love,
Take me, gentle Jenny;
I will ever conſtant prove,
If you let me win ye.

The following AIRS *are ſung in the new Muſical Entertainment, called*

PERSEVERANCE; or, THIRD TIME's the BEST.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. BLANCHARD.

THIS, this is the liquor of life,
I vow 'tis the beſt of all cures
For paſſion, or ſickneſs, or ſtrife;
So here is your health, Sir—and your's.

Who leave ſuch good liquor behind,
Are ſurely a parcel of boors;
But I am more gaily inclin'd;
So here is your health, Sir—and yours.

Such

Such fellows, by all that is bad,
Deserve to be turn'd out of doors;
But I am an honester lad,
So here is your health, Sir—and yours.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN, *in the fame.*

Oh! ne'er, for all the glittering gold
Of ever-fam'd Peru,
Shall poor Eliza's hand be sold
To love that is not true.
The splendor of a purpled throne
Can yield no peace of mind;
Such balmy happiness alone
In mutual love we find.

A NEW SONG.

MY Lord and my Lady, I'll not tell you who,
In an arbour, I'll not tell you where —
Retired one day as fond lovers oft do,
And Cupid attended them there;
An arch little boy, in a Mulberry tree,
Sat perch'd like a bird on his spray;
I'll tell you the tale as he told it to me,
For I've not lost one word by the way.

Says his lordship, my lady, O could you believe
That the earth takes its course round the sun;
Pray lay down on yon bank, and you'll quickly perceive
How this magical wonder is done!
The fair Lady soon plac'd herself down to his mind,
Most devoutly he knelt on the ground;
Then she rapt'rously cried, O! Lord sure I was blind,
For the Earth like a wind-mill turns round.

Some of the moſt Favourite AIRS *in the new* PANTOMIME *of* ALADDIN, *or the* WONDERLUL LAMP.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR.

THOSE treaſures, Aladdin, behold!
Thoſe ſilver ſtreams from fount of gold,
That play in aromatic ſhowers,
With ſweets refreſhing ſweeteſt bow'rs:
Yon lucid gems that hang thoſe glitt'ring walls,
The amber pillar on its cryſtal baſe,
The ruby goblet adamantine vaſe,
And all the dazzling ſplendor of theſe halls,
Though brighter than the beaming ſtar,
A virtuous act is brighter far.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, *in the ſame.*

Our trade to work in clay began,
Ere the firſt man was made;
For out of clay was made this man,
And thus began our trade.
Then, friends, put round the foaming mug,
And take it with good will;
Since man is but an earthen jug,
This jug then let us fill.
And how can he (ye wiſe ones) pray,
Return to duſt, who wets not clay.

In

In this the jemmy Cheapſide Buck
May take his orange ſhrub;
Or Fleet-ſtreet Miſs, at Dog and Duck,
May quaff her ſyllabub:
Or jovial Jack, that jolly dog,
May treat his roſy wench;
And over this, when fill'd with grog,
Sing how he bang'd the French.
And how can he, &c.

See here a noble chriſt'ning bowl,
But fill it to the brim;
So large, the baby (pretty ſoul)
May like young Indian ſwim:
The Covent-Garden ſwell at Jupp's,
In this may take his go—
For Aſtley's Punch-houſe, here are cups
Pro bono Publico!
And how can he, &c.

And why abroad our money fling,
To pleaſe our fickle fair?
No more from China, china bring,
Here's Engliſh china ware!
Then, friends, put round the foaming mug!
And take it with good will;
Since man is but an earthen jug,
This jug, then, let us fill!
And how can he, &c.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR *in the ſame.*

Poſſeſs the lamp as proof of my regard,
Thy deeds of good, receive this lov'd reward:
Bright virtue's triumph, nymphs and ſhepherds ſing,
And with thy praiſe my happy manſions ring.

THE

THE EFFUSIONS OF LOYALTY.

Performed the 19th of May at

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Written by M. P. ANDREWS, *Esq.*

Composed by Mr. HOOK.

Song— Mr. DARLEY.

SINCE the glad revolving year,
Deck'd with ſmiles, invites you here,
Honour'd friends who round us throng,
Deign to greet our royal ſong.

Mr. INCLEDON.

Oft beneath this happy grove,
You've heard me ſing the tale of love,
Oft have choſe to cheer the night,
Pict'ring ſcenes of feign'd delight.
Never could the muſe, 'till now,
Such unbounded bliſs beſtow;
Fiction we no more employ,
Rapture ſprings from real joy.

Song and Chorus—DARLEY, *then others.*

For the nation's ſcepter'd lord,
For our monarch's health reſtor'd,
Grateful ardor ſwells each voice—
Britons, one and all rejoice!
All with zeal united, ſing,
Bleſs the parent!—ſave the king!
God ſave the King!

Air

Mir.— Miſs. LEARY.

The fair wedded dame, who for many fond years
Has ſhar'd the ſoft joys that affection endears!
Behold the lov'd conſort reſtor'd to new life,
And feels with the mother, the queen, and the wife.

Song—Mr. DARLEY.

The hardy tar,
Whom peace or war
Nor ſmile nor tear could bring:
Turning his quid,
With moiſten'd lid,
Bewails his ſuff'ring king!
Freed from his pains,
The bowl he drains,
And in the heart's beſt glee,
Turning his Sue,
Cries, "Would not you,
"Thus quaff, my girl, for me?"

Chorus repeated, changing the words as under—

Live the huſband, live the king!
Long live the king!

Song—by Miſs. POOLE.

Each laſs on the green,
In the bloom of ſixteen,
When love ſeems the monarch alone;
Rejects the fond kiſs,
And ſuſpends ev'ry bliſs,
To weep for the woes of the throne.

When

When health with new charms,
Stills the royal alarms,
The inſtant their joys are made known,
Their domeſtic content,
Such examples preſent,
That ſhe wiſtfully looks t'wards her own.

Song— *Mr.* INCLEDON.

See, the veteran heir to glory—
Poor in purſe, tho' rich in fears,
Counting many a diſmal ſtory—
Stopp'd amidſt his round of wars—
When he bears his king's diſaſter,
Vaniſh wounds and cares for pelf;
The tear that trickles for his maſter,
Checks what ſtarted for himſelf.

Soon as he finds him reinſtated,
Tho' halt, and doom'd thro' life to beg,
Still with his Sov'reign's weal elated,
He hails him on his ſingle leg.

Song— *Mrs.* MARTYR.

Now then, let's be joyous,
Nought but mirth employ us,
Every rank and every ſtation,
Join in general gratulation!—
Lads and laſſes
Chink your glaſſes,
Let the cheerful toaſt go round;
Care, away—
All be gay—
Give this night
To ſweet delight,
Not one aching heart be found.

Damon

Damon ſhall his tale renew,
Chloe will be kinder too;
Rigour ſhall relax his brow,
Friendſhip with freſh ardor glow;
All whoſe friends now near them ſtand,
Take and ſhake them by the hand;
So, ſhall every fair approve,
And loyalty ſhall lead to love.
Chorus repeated.

HOW CAN I BE IN BLAME?

A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

TUNE—(*Mind, Huſſy, what you do.*)

WHEN I was young, in love I fell,
My father ſpoke ſo cold—
I find you love a ſervant girl,
Said he, as I've been told;
If ſo, altho' I wiſh you well,
My favour you can't gain.
In loving of a pretty girl,
How can I be in blame?

Says he, 'tis time enough for you
To think of love's affair,
Unleſs you int'reſt had in veiw,
Why then I ſhould not care;

For

For girls' delight is to enſnare
The heart of every ſwain.
In loving one virtuous and fair,
How can I be in blame?

Take my advice, yourſelf reſerve,
For a good trade, my ſon,
A girl with money ſure deſerves,
Such may with eaſe be won:
I beg of love you will not talk,
But fix your heart on gain.
Dear ſir, my love I'll never baulk;
How can I be in blame.

Gold nought but miſers 'can enrich,
My lads be rul'd by me;
And pray ye now take my advice,
And ever conſtant be;
But if your father's crabbed ſtill,
In ſpite why tell him plain,
That wed a pretty girl you will—
How can you be in blame?

HOW THE WORLD GOES.

A NEW SONG.

FANTASTICAL Bards, in fantaſtical rhimes,
Satirical ſonnets ſtill make on the times,
The ſubject at preſent I mean to propoſe,
Is— only to ſing about how the world goes.

Some

Some are fighting abroad, and ſome ſpewing a
home,
And ſome after Folly and Faſhion will roam;
Some live in a manner, which nobody knows,
Yet let them proceed in it,—ſo the world goes.

Some grumbling, ſome gaping by night and by day,
Some hoarding up riches, ſome caſting away;
Some brimful of learning, ſtrange projects propoſe,
As Fancy directs them—ſo the world goes.

Some are panting with pleaſure, ſome pining with
grief,
Yet few, very few will afford them relief;
To thoſe who are well, what are other folks woes?
Nothing at all,—for 'tis ſo the world goes.

The Courtier, he bows to my Lord or his Grace;
In hopes of a penſion, a poſt, or a place;
They promiſe, but when they'll perform no one
knows,
But no matter for that,--'tis the way the world goes.

The great and the ſmall, and the peaſant and wit,
Their fancies all equally ſtrive for to hit;
Pleaſure holds out her charms to the Belles and
the Beaux,
And this is the way, my good friend—the world,
goes.

I KEN HE LOOS ME WEEL.

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR.

BESIDE the burne, the other day,
I tun'd my ſimple ſang,
Young Jockey, tripping, came that way,
And play'd his pipe alang;
Upon the bank he took his ſeat,
And fain a kiſs would ſteal;
I roſe, and quickly did retreat—
Yet ken he loos me weel.

Dear Peggy, then the loon he cry'd,
Do not my ſuit diſdain;
Or treat, wi' ſcornful airs and pride,
An honeſt-hearted ſwain;
I've ewes and lambs that graze the mead,
To truth I can appeal;
They ſhall be your's, ſweet laſs, indeed,
If you will loo me weel.

The ſhepherd look'd, and talk'd ſae neat,
Gude faith he won my heart;
For pit-a-pat I felt it beat,
To frown I had na art.
Meſs John the happy knot has ty'd,
Content is mine, I feel;
There canna be a happier bride,
Becauſe he loos me weel.

THE

THE UNION OF BACCHUS AND VENUS.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY.

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his Godſhip adore,
And love at his ſhrine gay libations to pour;
And Venus, bleſt Venus, my boſom inſpires,
For ſhe lights in our ſouls the moſt ſacred of fires.
Yet to neither I ſwear ſole allegiance to hold,
My bottle and laſs I by turns muſt enfold;
For the ſweeteſt of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay God, and the Goddeſs of Love.

When fill'd to the fair the briſk bumper I hold,
Can the miſer ſurvey with ſuch pleaſure his gold?
The ambroſia of Gods no ſuch reliſh can boaſt,
If good port fill your glaſs, and fair Kitty's the toaſt;
And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,
If her ſopha's encircled with wreaths from his tree;
For the ſweeteſt of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay God, and the Goddeſs of Love.

All partial diſtinctions I hate from my ſoul,
O! give me my fair one, and give me my bowl!
Bliſs reflected from either, will ſend to my heart
Ten thouſand ſweet joys which they can't have apart.
Go try it, ye ſmiling and gay-looking throng,
And your hearts ſhall in uniſon beat to my ſong,
That the ſweeteſt of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay God, and the Goddeſs of Love.

MY LITTLE FLUTT'RING HEART.

Sung by Miſs POOLE.

PROPER flights will Fancy bring,
While of Celadon I ſing;
Will ſhe teach to tell the grace,
Will ſhe draw his manly face,
Will ſhe lend th' enliv'ning aid,
By which his form might be pourtray'd,
To paint the ſwain whoſe charms can move
My little flutt'ring heart to love.

Will ſhe aid to tell his ſenſe,
Or to ſpeak his eloquence;
'Tis too great a female taſk,
More then I'll of Fancy aſk;
And his repartee, and wit,
All her ſallies ne'er could hit;
Such is the ſwain, whoſe pow'r can move
My little flutt'ring heart to love.

THE SABLE CLAD CURTAIN'S UNDRAWN

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

THE ſable clad curtain's undrawn,
The lark ſweetly carrols on high;
Quickly opens the eyes of the morn—
See the ſun-beams are gilding the ſky;
The huntſman he throws off the hounds,
The horns wind a tedious delay,
And the heart of each ſportſman, elated, rebounds,
Expecting the ſummons for—hark, hark, away!

Hark

Hark! a burſt gives the ſignal for chace,
Thro' woodlands we daſhing purſue;
While the fox, fleet as wind, mends his pace,
Till the huntſman proclaims him in view:
Now his ſtrength and his cunning's amort,
See the dogs ſeize, in triumph, their prey,
While the death of the game gives freſh joy to the ſport,
The echoes re-echo with---hark, hark, away!

Now for Liberty-Hall we repair,
To repleniſh the joys of the field;
Where good-humour combines with the fair,
And the wife ſmiles obedience to yield.
While the bottle and bowl do unite,
To vie with the ſports of the day,
Let bumpers go round to the ſportſman's delight,
And all join in the chorus of---hark, hark, away!

AN ADIEU TO THE ROCKS OF LANNOW.

Sung by Mr. HARRISON.

FROM thy rocks, ſtormy Lannow, I fly;
From the rocks that are laſh'd by their tide;
From the maid, whoſe cold boſom, relentleſs as they,
Has wreck'd my warm hopes by her pride.
Yet lonely, and rude as the ſcene,
Her ſmile to that ſcene could impart
A charm, that might rival the bloom of the vale;
But away, thou fond dream of my heart!
To thy rocks, ſtormy Lannow, adieu!

Now the blaſts of the winter's come on,
And the waters grow dark as they riſe;
Yet 'tis well they reſemble the ſullen diſdain—
That has lower'd thoſe heart-piercing eyes.
Sincere were the ſighs it expreſs'd,
But they roſe in the days that are flown;
Ah nymph! unrelenting and cold as thou art,
My ſpirit is proud as thy own.
To thy rocks, ſtormy Lannow, adieu!

Lo! the wings of the ſea fowl are ſpread,
To eſcape the rough ſtorm by their flight,
And theſe caves will afford them a gloomy retreat,
From the winds and the billows of night.
Like them, to the home of my youth,
Like them, to its ſhades I retire;
Receive me, and ſhield my chill'd ſpirit, ye groves!
From the ſtorms of inſulted deſire.
To thy rocks, ſtormy Lannow, adieu.

PATTY CLOVER.

Sung by Mr. BLANCHARD.

WHEN little, on the village green,
We've play'd, I learn'd to love her;
She ſeem'd to me ſome fairy queen,
So light trippp'd Patty Clover.
Patty Clover, Patty Clover, Patty Clover,
So light tripped Patty Clover.

With

With every ſimple childiſh art,
I try'd each day to move her;
The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart,
To give to Patty Clover.
To give to little Patty Clover, &c.

The faireſt flow'rs to deck her breaſt,
I choſe an infant lover;
I ſtole the goldfinch from its neſt,
To ſing to Patty Clover.
To ſing to Patty Clover, &c.

Tho' ſtout, I'll ſure be conſtant ſtill,
Nor ever be a rover;
If means increaſe, and coffers fill,
'Tis all for Patty Clover.
'Tis all for Patty, little Patty Clover, &c.

INDEED 'TIS MUCH TO SOON.

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR.

AT gay ſixteenmy, lovers came,
With flatt'ring tongues and hearts in flame,
As thick as flow'rs in June;
But of a little beauty vain,
I laugh'd, and told each dying ſwain—
Indeed 'twas much too ſoon.

Year after year, in ſcorn went by,
Rejecting ev'ry am'rous ſigh,
I kept the ſame old tune;
Go ſhepherds, with diſdain, I cry'd,
'Tis time enough to be a bride,—
Indeed 'tis much too ſoon.

At

At twenty-five,—full time to wed,
My lovers nearly all were fled,
I alter'd then my tune;
Shepherd, ſaid I, I've chang'd my mind,
I've thought the matter o'er, and find,
I cannot wed too ſoon.

A FAVOURITE MEDLEY,

With Alterations, and conſiderable Additions,

By T. KAYGILL.

WHEN the Summer returns, and the ſun's richeſt rays
Enlivens all Nature, and brightens our days—

'Twas at the gates of Calais, *Hogarth* tells,
Where ſad deſpair and famine, always dwells!

As *Joe*, the ſandman, drove his loaded team
Of raw-rump'd aſſes, "*White Sand, Hoa!*" was his theme;
Juſt as he turn'd the corner of a ſtreet,
With his true-love *Beſs*, the Bunter, he chanc'd to meet;
In duſt-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waiſt;
To *Joe* ſhe nodded, as the cart drew on,
And being reſolv'd to ſpeak, cried—

Now Phœbus ſinketh in the Weſt—

I'll

Then——
I'll ſing you a ſong, faith, I'm ſinging of it now here,
I don't mean t'affront either ſmall or big----
Bow, wow, here.

The ſubject I've choſe 'tis—

Jockey, ſays to *Jenny*—

In the foreſt here hard by—

Once the gods of the Greeks, at an ambroſial feaſt,
Vaſt bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
Merry Momus, among them, was ſeated as gueſt,
Homer, ſays that—

There was a jolly miller once liv'd on the river Dee,
He work'd and ſang from morn to night, no lark more blythe than he;
And this the burden of his ſong for ever uſed to be—

A Miller I am, both heart-whole and free,
And as juſt, thank my ſtars, as a miller ſhould be,
For——

While happy in my native land
I boaſt my country's Charter,
I'll never, baſely, lend my hand—

To the foes of Old England, France, Holland and Spain,
Grown bold by indulgence, uſurp on the main;
But our Tars ſhall ſhew
The haughty foe,
Britannia rules the waves.

Why

Why the plague, ſhould he be ſad,
Since, by the gaily circling glaſs,
We do ſee the moments paſs,
By———

Amo, amas, I lov'd a laſs,
Like the cedar, tall and ſlender—

Her eyes were as black as the ſloe on the hedge,
Her cheeks like the bloſſoms in May,
Her teeth were as---

Dear Sir, this brown jug, which now foams with mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to----

The daughter you have, ſhe's the plague of your life,
No peace can you know, tho' you've bury'd your wife,
For at twenty---

Lord, what care I for mam or dad,
Or let them roar, or bellow!
For——

Since love is the plan,
I'll love if I can,
Attend, and I'll tell you what ſort of a man---

A gay flaſhy lord is a woundy fine ſight
Who is ne'er to be ſeen, but with---

An old woman clothed in grey,
Whoſe daughter was charming and young;
But, alas! got deluded away
By——

The wealthy fool, with golden ſtore,
Will——

Puſh about the briſk bowl, 'twill enliven our hearts,--

Friendſhip, with thy power divine, brighten all our features —

When Phœbus the tops of the hills doth adorn,
How ſweet is the ſound---

O! the days when I was young,
How I laugh'd in fortune's ſpight,
Talk'd of——

Woman that ſeduces all mankind,
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat---

Cymon, a clown who ne'er dreamt of love;
By chance was ſtumping to the neighb'ring grove,
He trudged along, not knowing what he ſought,
And whiſtl'd as he went, for want of thought,—

How ſweet in the woodlands, with ſhrill hound and horn,
To———

Rouſe from your trances, the ſly man advances,
To catch ſleepy mortals in---

Water parted from the ſea---

By

By the ſide of a rock, where the rivers were flowing
I ſat myſelf down—

On board of a man of war—

The topſails ſhiver in the wind,
The ſhip ſhe caſts to ſea—

Alike to hope, and fear a ſtranger—

Bold Jack, with ſmiles, his danger meets,
Weighs anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the ſails, belays the ſheets,
And drinks his cann of grog----

Then, Oh! protect the hardy Tar,
Be mindful of his merit;
And when again you're plung'd in war,
He'll ſhew his daring ſpirit.
Then, Oh! protect, &c.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, *in* MARIAN.

HOW bleſt our condition, how jocund our day,
Ye ſwains, can our pleaſures be told;
To range, in ſweet order, the rows of new hay,
To lead the ſtray'd lamb to the fold;
To fetch up the kine for the maiden we love,
And guard her from noon's burning beam;
To guide her dear ſteps, when ſhe leads thro' the grove
The heifer, which pants for the ſtream.

To

When our old Gallic neighbours, with puff and parade,
Our Navies defied, and made ſhew to invade;
You'll find then the courage of Taylors appears,
For bold in the cauſe they ſtepp'd forth volunteers.
Derry down, &c.

In thoſe golden days when ELIZABETH reign'd,
The Taylors her favour and honour obtain'd;
Merchant Taylors, from her, they are ſtyl'd to this day,
In ſpite of what Fools and Coxcombs can ſay,
Derry down, &c.

Bedizen'd ſo fine ſee the fop and the beau;
You muſt own it was Taylors that made them all ſo;
The Lord, and the Duke, nay the King on his throne,
The ſkill and the uſe of a Taylor muſt own.
Derry down &c.

Nine Taylors, they ſay, go to make up one man;
The ſaying is common,—miſtaken the plan;
But rightly the meaning I now will define,
One Taylor, indeed, has the ſpirit of nine.
Derry down, &c.

A Taylor

A Taylor is bright as a ſtamp from the mint,
And ſtill at the bottom you'll find him a flint;
The flincher to Taylors can never belong,
Diſgrac'd and diſcarded—he is but a dung,
Derry down, &c.

To Taylors, my boys, puſh the Jorum around,
Who ſtill are with courage and Loyalty found;
In chorus ſo loud let us make the room ring,
For a true-hearted Taylor's as great as a King.
Derry down, &c.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR.

RETURNING from the fair one Eve,
Acroſs yon verdant Plain,
Young Harry ſaid, he'd ſee me home,
A tight and comely ſwain;
He begg'd I would a fairing take,
And wou'd not be refus'd;
Then aſk'd a kiſs—I bluſh'd, and cried —
I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, ſaid he, my pretty maid,
I mean no harm, I ſwear;
Long time I have in ſecret ſigh'd
For you, my charming fair:
But if my tenderneſs offends,
And if my love's refus'd,
I'll leave you—what—alone, cry'd I,
I'd rather be excus'd.

He

He preſs'd my hand, and on we walk'd,
He warmly urg'd his ſuit;
But ſtill to all he ſaid, I was
Moſt obſtinately mute;
At length got home, he angry, cry'd,
My fondneſs is abus'd;
Then die a maid—Indeed, ſays I,
I'd rather be excus'd.

THE *WOODLAND LADDIE*,

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG,

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR, *at Vauxhall, compoſed by Dr.* ARNOLD.

WHEN o'er the lands at early dawn,
I ſaw my Woodland Laddie,
With bonny gait he croſs'd the lawn,
My charming Woodland Laddie;
Blythe were his looks as ſunny-morn,
More ſweet than fragrant hay:
No lad that dances on the lawn
Is half ſo blythe and gay.
My bonny, bonny, charming Woodland Laddie,
My lad ſo blythe and gay,
With thee I'll range o'er brae and burn
The live-long Summer's day,
My bonny, bonny, Woodland Laddie.

When he is by, my time how gay,
So ſweet's my Woodland Laddie;
Each hour in Winter ſeems like May,
When with my Woodland Laddie;
At his approach my lambkins play,
And time glides ſmooth along;
Sweet does each moment ſteal away,
When'eer he tunes his ſong.
My bonny, bonny, &c.

His manners ſoft, and ſweet his mind,
I know his worth and nature;
To him I'll prove ſincere and kind,
Nor wrong ſo good a creature;
My Woodland Lad's the blytheſt ſwain
That ever pip'd on brae,
So ſweet he ſings upon the plain,
Or on the winding Tay.
My bonny, bonny, &c.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Written on the BANKS *of a* RIVER.

GENTLE ſtream, on thy banks let me penſively rove,
Thy ſhade and thy murmurs are welcome to me;
Thy ſound on the ſtill-ear of ev'ning I love,
And mem'ry's *deep ſorrows* are deepen'd by thee.

But

But why, gentle ſtream, flows this murmer of grief?
Why reſponſive to mine ſeems thy deep-ſwelling tone?
Thou mourn'ſt not, like me, from a pang paſt relief,
Thou mourn'ſt not, like me, for the *Days that are gone!*

Still uſeful thy waves as they flow unconfin'd,
See the ſeaſon's rich produce deriv'd from their courſe;
While the ſtream of time leaves no produce behind,
But the *ſigh of* regret, and the *pang of remorſe.*

Then mine, ſilly ſtream, ſhou'd theſe deep murmers be,
While thy glaſſy wave ſhould exulting flow on,
At time unimprov'd thou repin'ſt not like me,
Nor vainly regretteſt the *Days that are gone.*

Oh! were thy clear ſtream of the power poſſeſs'd,
By Poets beſtow'd on the Lethe of old,
My lips ſhould, rejoicing, regain my loſt reſt,
And the *warm touch of* Mem'ry ever lie cold.

Then to the future ſhould haſten unmov'd,
As paſt uſeleſs hours would no longer be known;
Forgotten each folly my thoughtleſs youth lov'd,
No more I ſhould weep o'er the *Days that are gone.*

But vain is the thought—as the ſhadow the form
So ſurely muſt Mem'ry paſt actions attend;
Ah me! her fell influence wakes terror's fierce ſtorm,
But ſee, to allay it, Repentance deſcend!

To cheer me, her daughter, Amendment, ſhe leads,
Together they breathe the encouraging tone;
But the breaſt of repentance ſtill tenderly bleeds,
And heaves a deep ſigh for the *Days that are gone.*

And as faithfull affection at Midnight's ſtill hour,
To the grave of a friend loves to haſten unſeen;
Whilſt the thought, that no tears can loſt bleſſings reſtore,
Makes the pang of remembrance more painfully keen.

So I, tho' Amendment, with ſoul-ſoothing aid,
May have baniſh'd the pangs which long I have known,
Will haſte, gentle ſtream, to thy banks and thy ſhade
A requiem *to breathe to the Days that are gone.*

PATIE AND PEGGY, BY W. B—KE.

A NEW SCOTCH DIALOGUE.

TUNE—*(Roſslin Caſtle.)*

PATIE.

ALAS! my PEGGY, muſt we part,
The thought on't wrings my faithful heart;
Perhaps ſome wealthy ſhepherd ſues,
And thou, too gentle, can't refuſe.

Thy

Thy tender boſom cannot bear,
Thy ſoothing Mither's ſoft'ning tear,
Thy Faither's boiſt'rous threat'ning brow,
And I ſhall ſee my Love nae mo'!

PEGGY.

OH! PATIE, why thus rend my breaſt?
Which in thy love alone finds reſt;
Why why? ſuſpect my long-known faith,
And in diſtreſs involve us baith;
What though my Faither threats and ſwears,
And Mither tempts me with her tears,
Young COLIN to prefer to you;
But b'lieve me 'tis in vain they ſue!

PATIE.

OH! ſweet aſſurance, bliſsful words,
Which comfort to my ſaul affords,
Diſpels the cloud that damp'd my joys,
And all my baneful cares deſtroys;
Hence ev'ry gloomy thought away,
Each year be this a Holiday;
Whilſt thus I to my PEGGY prove,
How ardent is her PATIE's love!

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

THIS daring outrage plainly ſhows,
That men by promiſes impoſe,
Th' impulſes of their brutal luſt,
On ſuch as in them vainly truſt;
Hence then begone, a year or more
Of true repentance may reſtore
This heart, which tho' ſincerely thine,
In abſence muſt corrode and pine!

PATIE.

AH! cruel PEGGY, can a kiſs,
Exorted by th' exceſs of bliſs;
Excite ſuch anger in thy breaſt,
As robs me for a year of reſt?
Hence then to lonely woods I fly,
But e'er the time's elaps'd I'll die;
Then PEGGY will perhaps lament,
The day that PATIE from her went.

THE RECONCILIATION *of* PATIE *and* PEGGY; *Or the Banks of gentle Tweed.*

A NEW SONG.

AS on the flow'ry Banks of gentle Tweed
The youthful PEGGY poſted once with ſpeed,
She ſaw the Ghaſt of PATIE (ſuch he ſeem'd)
Her eyes a ghaſt with fear and wonder teem'd;
The frighted blood grew cold, her lily hands
Hang motionleſs, and ſtiff awhile ſhe ſtands;
Amaz'd, her tongue her anguiſh cannot tell,
And faintly ſcreaming, on the graſs ſhe fell.

WITH

WITH grief tranſported, eager PATIE flies,
And Tweed reſounds with penetrating cries;
Alas! untimely fate, Oh! cruel hour;
Why thus cut off the faireſt, lovelieſt flow'r,
That ever grac'd the Banks of gentle Tweed;
Could not her Innocence and beauty plead
For longer life; Oh! could not PATIE's woes,
To mercy death's relentleſs hand diſpoſe.

BENT o'er the ſeeming breathleſs Corpſe he ſtood,
As the ſapp'd pine hangs pendent o'er the flood
Her once irradiate eyes, whoſe ſparkling fires,
In all the ſhepherds kindled fierce deſires,
Now dim; her lips on which the Graces play'd,
With death's cold livid paleneſs overſpread,
Her boſom, rival of the pureſt ſnow,
Lies cold as fleaks that from the mountains blow.

THE long-ſpent ſighs his gentle boſom heave,
Ah! PEGGY, wilt thou then thy PATIE leave,
He ſtoops, and to her lips his lips applies,
The genial touch electric heat ſupplies:
Her circling arms the joyful ſhepherd preſs,
Her balmy lips his lips no more repreſs;
On ſpeedy marriage ſmiling both agreed,
And mutual bleſs'd the Banks of gentle Tweed.

A FAVOURITE

A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

TUNE—(*Well! I agree, &c.*)

WHAT joy to me,
To gaze on thee;
My only love, my dear!
Thy cheeks, thy eyes,
Without diſguiſe,
Thy tenderneſs declare.

My gentle maid,
Let's ſeek the ſhade;
Beſide the purling ſtream,
There talk of love,
Each thought improve,
With that enchanting theme.

What beauties grace
Thy charming face,
The lilies roſes join;
Thy ſhape, thy air,
Alike declare,
Thy form is near divine.

In wedlock's bands
Let's join our hands,
With Innocence and truth;
The ſwains ſo gay,
Shall ſmiling ſay,
How bleſs'd that maid and youth!

STICK

STICK FAST TO THE MAIN;

OR,

The CHOICE of a WIFE.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE—(*Ballynamona.*)

LET the foes of religion 'gainſt wedlock exclaim,
And at thoſe who prefer its ſoft pleaſures cry ſhame;
For my part, I ſhall certainly think him to blame,
Who will ſcoff at the lawfully married man's name;

For a wife is a delicate friend, Sir,
That anſwers each to-be-wiſh'd end, Sir,
And her cares to each object extend, Sir,
That can make us contented in life,

YET in chuſing a wife we ſhould calmly proceed,
And obſerve that her features and temper agreed;
Not too handſome, leſt others ſhould act in our ſtead,
Not too ugly, leſt ſoon we ſhould wiſh ourſelves freed.

For your pretty ones always coquettiſh,
Your ugly ones jealous and pettiſh,
And you're ſure that they'll both prove forgettiſh
Of what ſhould be done by a wife.

IF

IF endow'd with great wealth, or indignities born
If of fortune bereft, of connexions forlorn;
This you'll find is below, that above ſenſe of ſcorn,
And you ſcarcely can 'ſcape to be tipp'd the
Ram's-horn.

For high birth is attended with pride, Sir,
The want ont's to meanneſs allied, Sir,
If to either a huſband is ti'd, Sir,
He'll be ſure of misfortune and ſtrife, Sir.

I WOULD therefore adviſe all deſcriptions of men,
Who deſire to give pleaſure, and get it again;
To wed ſoon, and be ſure to ſtick faſt to the main,
Then they'll paſs all their days without ſorrow or pain.

For as *Quintus Horatius* ſays, Sir,
The middle's your only ſafe way, Sir,
And he that can there longeſt ſtay, Sir,
Is ſure of the happieſt life, Sir

A FAVOURITE

A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

Sung by Mrs. CROUCH *in the new Opera of the* HAUNTED TOWER.

THO' pity I cannot deny,
Ah! what will that avail you?
Alas! I dare not hope ſupply;
For hope too ſure wou'd fail you.
Think when the flatterer ſhall decieve,
In vain you will repent you;
Yet ſhould you hope, without my leave,
'Tis true I can't prevent you.

My hand directed to beſtow,
In England here I'm landed;
And daughters always act, you know,
Juſt as they are commanded.
Then let not flattering hope decieve,
Or elſe you will repent you;
Yet ſhou'd you hope, without my leave,
'Tis true I can't prevent you.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, *Jun. in the ſame.*

NOW all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration,
Each maiden on th' occaſion,
Feels her heart in palpitation;

Now a bluſh and now a ſigh,
Trembling too, ſhe knows not why,
While every lad with expectation,
Finds his heart beat high.
With tilters fencing, wreſtlers boaſting,
Bonfires blazing, oxen roaſting;
While ſwords and ſhields are claſhing,
Archers aiming, cudgels thraſhing,
The ale to none denying,
Flaggons far and wide ſupplying,
And all the vaſſals flock around,
What pleaſures now abound!
Now all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration, &c.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

Sung by Signora STORACE, *in the ſame.*

WHITHER, my love! ah! whither art thou gone!
Let not thy abſence cloud this happy dawn;
Say—by thy heart can falſehood e'er be known?
Ah! no, no, I judge it by my own.
The heart he gave with ſo much care,
Which treaſur'd in my breaſt I wear;
Still for its maſter beats alone,
I'm ſure the ſelfiſh thing's his own.

A NEW

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. KELLY, *in the New Opera of the*

ISLAND of ST. *MARGUERITE.*

FROM dreary dreams I wake to woe;
And all around,
Where'er I turn my anguiſh'd ear,
Where'er mine anguiſh'd eye balls roll,
In all their varied ſhapes of fear,
The viſion'd horrors haunt my ſoul!

But ah! methought a-croſs the gloom,
A lovely ray
Of light angelic ſeem'd to play;
'Twas Carline's form that bleſs'd my ſight,
And bade a cheering beam of Hope,
A cheering beam of Hope, my darting brea
illume.

O! wretched, wretched doom!
Is this my regal Chair?
This dungeon all the wide domain
O'er which I hop'd one day to reign?
Yet Hope, ſweet Hope, the wretch's friend,
Delights to cheer the priſon gloom,
And here, e'en here, forbids deſpair.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. KELLY, *in the New Opera of the* HAUNTED TOWER.

FROM hope's fond dream, tho' reaſon wake,
In vain ſhe points with warning hand;
I dread advice I cannot take,
Love's powerful ſpells my ſteps command,
The bird thus faſcination binds—
When darting from the ſerpent's eyes,
The fatal charm too late he finds,
He ſtruggles, and admiring dies.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

Sung by Sig. STORACE, *in the ſame.*

BE mine, tender Paſſion, ſoother of care,
Life's choiceſt bleſſing, ſhield from deſpair,
Do not decieve me, ah! never leave me,
Still may my boſom thy power declare.
In vain thy influence fools may revile,
Conſtancy ever gains thy ſmile,
And of their deſtiny can thoſe complain,
Whoſe falſehood dares thy laws prophane?

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd, I brave all danger, to every fear a ſtranger,
Thy ſweet rewards, oh, love to gain!
Then let me combat not in vain;
But in my triumph ſhare
Thy ſmiles, for which I bravely dare.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

Sung by Mr. SEDGWICK, *in the ſame.*

WHERE'ER true valour can its power diſplay,
'Thcre meek-ey'd Pity, anxious ſtill to bleſs,
With jealous honour holds divided ſway,
And, from avenging anger, ſhields diſtreſs.

Ne'er ſhall the Sword of Honour dare invade
The ſpell-bound ſpot, where pity drops a tear;
For where misfortune caſts her ſacred ſhade,
'There deepeſt injury muſt diſappear.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER *jun.*

In the ISLAND of ST. *MARGUIRITE.*

OH dear! Oh dear! no hopes for Jonas,
Alas! though in vain, poor Jonas,
Nannette's hard heart doth Jonas hate.
Ah! thank thyſelf for thy fate;
Ah! curſe on thy logger pate.

Was ever ſuch a wretched dangler!
Thou need'ſt the patience of an angler,
With rod and line, to wait, and wait;
Ah! Nannette, never will be thy mate—
No, ſhe's too cunning, to bite at thy baite.

Iv'e learnt to ſpear or tickle a trout;
But, alas! in love I'm but a lout,
An oyſter, croſs'd in love, may be;
Ah! 'tis all in vain, I ſee;
Ah! Nannette is not for me.
Cou'd I but catch her in my net,
I'd teach the haughty Miſs Nannette
No more to call me—thou Booby;
Ah! Jonas, Jonas, ſhe laughs at thee,
'Cauſe Jonas can't ſay his A B C.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, *jun*

In the ISLAND *of* ST. *MARGUERITE.*

WHAT a ſkin, not a wrinkle,
Oh how her eyes twinkle,
Ods fiſh, I believe ſhe's as pretty as Nan;
Oh! did you but view her,
(I wiſh that you knew her)
You'd cry—how I pity the poor fiſherman.

Her eyes darted thro' me;
This Nun will undo me;
Yet how can I ever forget my Nannette?
No! nor the Nun neither;
So e'en give me either,
'tis all fiſh that comes to the net.

A FA-

A FAVOURITE TRIO.

Sung by Mr. SEDGWICK, *Mr.* KELLY,

and Mrs. CROUCH,

In the ISLAND of ST. *MARGUERITE.*

MR. KELLY.

TORN from thee, Carline, muſt theſe eyes
So ſoon reſign the glorious prize?
For me no joys, but in thy ſight!
Then welcome death, eternal night!

MRS. CROUCH.

AH! muſt I loſe thee thus, my ſoul!
Oh, cruel fate!—juſt Heaven controul
The tyrant's rage—oh, yet give ear;
In mercy hear a wrech's prayer!

MR. SEDGWICK.

NO more; prepare to meet thy doom,
There, in that dungeon's deepeſt gloom,
Thou never more ſhalt ſee the day,
Haſte, haſte, begone—away, away.

A FA-

A FAVOURITE SONG,

Sung by Mr. SEDGWICK,

In the ISLAND of ST. *MARGUERITE.*

NEIGHBOURS, friends, with boſoms glowing
Ever panting to be free,
Generous hearts, with zeal o'erflowing,
Crown this day with liberty.

CHORUS,

Then join the Chorus, lads rejoice,
The day is all our own;
Hark! to the call 'tis Freedom's voice
And liberty we'll crown.

Thus ſhall we be great and glorious,
Tyranny and torture ceaſe;
Thus ſhall juſtice be victorious,
Freedom, harmony, and peace.

Then join, &c.

A FAVOURITE TRIO.

Sung by Mrs. CROUCH, *Miſs* ROMANZINI,
and Mr. KELLY,

In the ISLAND of ST. *MARGUERITE.*

MRS. CROUCH,

THUS, at length, the ſtorm blown over,
Sun beams bright, and calms ſucceed;
Thus thro' dreary wilds each rover
Finds at laſt the flow'ry mead.

MISS

Miss Romanzini,

Thus, joys with held increaſe the fire,
Torments often pleaſures breed;
Each mortal ill, each fierce deſire,
Of its own cure contains the ſeed.

Mr. Kelly.

Thus may each faithful, conſtant lover
From his cruel fate be freed;
Thus, when oppreſs'd, may he diſcover,
His true love—his friend in need.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Miſs Romanzini, *at the Theatre Royal* Drury-lane, *in the* Iſland of St. Marguerite.

THERE ſtood poor Jonas at the window,
All in tears,—crying—ſighing—Oh,
Says I, who's that below?
What do you want good fiſherman?
Dear Mrs. Nannette indeed, it is no ſin,
Open the window, love, and let poor Jonas in.
No, maſter Jonas—no—
No, maſter Jonas—no—
No fiſherman.
Well, quoth Jonas, then I vow,
Marching off in a huff, with a pouting Oh,
Then 'tis time to make my bow—
The ſooner the better, good fiſher man.
Yet, Mrs. Nannette, one word ere you leave me;
Won't you ſtop—well, to-morrow, I hope, you'll recieve me!
No, maſter Jonas—no—
No, maſter Jonas—no—
No fiſherman.

AIR

AIR. *By Sig.* ROMANZINI.

NATURE, to women ſtill ſo kind,
Among her beſt boons beſtowing;
What leſſon female ſure muſt find,
A woman's deſire to be knowing.
Man, [illegible] and envious elf,
So jealous of our diſcerning;
Deſerves [illegible] what he prizes in himſelf,
The wiſh for whatever's worth learning.

HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM.

HARK! the ſweet horn proclaims afar,
Againſt the ſtag the mimic war;
While future heroes hearts rebound,
And pant to hear the trumpet ſound.
The warlike genius of our iſle,
Who on the hunter deigns to ſmile,
In echoes gives the chace applauſe,
Which ſtrings the nerve for glory's cauſe;
Where'er the devious chace may bend,
Still freedom ſhall our ſteps attend;
And bids us, as her pleaſure riſe,
Defend the bleſſings which we prize.

TOASTS

R.N.H. BARRING